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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

JOURNALISM AT MCGILL.

Our present issue is a holiday number. It was thought best, all things considered, to publish the FORTNIGHTLY without any intermission, in order that the full complement of twelve issues may be made up. There is, of course, at this time, a wealth of poverty of College news, if we may so express ourselves.

Class reports, as a consequence, are conspicuous by their absence. This will readily be excused under the circumstances. This issue is brought out under considerable difficulties, as nearly everybody is out of town, and it is a little more solid than our previous productions. It therefore lacks some of the froth and effervescence of ordinary college literature. The FORTNIGHTLY aims at reflecting the thought and effort of the undergraduates of our University, ebbing and flowing, so to speak, with the tide of current opinion.

As such it deserves the first place in the hearts of the Students. Its success so far demonstrates that it meets, to some extent at least, this want. As a matter of fact, however, it is found that comparatively few of the graduates in proportion to their numbers support it. The reason for this is perhaps, not that they have lost

interest in McGill affairs, but that they desire some "stronger meat" on which their more matured psychic natures can feast. This leads us to suggest the possibility of meeting this demand by another effort in the literary world. We notice that in Queen's University, Kingston, the professors and graduates have started a second paper which is called a *Quarterly Review*. It takes up and discusses current events of importance, and, besides, has heavier literary contributions of a high order. It is not intended to supplant its elder brother, the students' paper, but to supplement it and fill a void that it does not reach. Surely in McGill we are big enough and brave enough to do something similar. Such a paper of the nature of a Review or a Monthly would fill a long felt want. While the FORTNIGHTLY represents the undergraduates, the Monthly might represent the professors and graduates. We certainly have enough talent among the members of the University to succeed in this, if we can enthruse them with the "divine afflatus" necessary to its materialization. This should afford food for thought to our graduates, especially the younger ones, who may reasonably be expected to be more enthusiastic and progressive than those of a former generation. Such a paper would not rival the FORTNIGHTLY in the slightest degree, but both would act and react upon each other to their mutual advantage. It might afford a field of usefulness to some budding writer, whose talent cannot "condescend to men of low degree," but whose wing takes a loftier flight. No doubt some really good and solid literary and scientific articles would be contributed, which would redound to the credit of McGill as a centre of thought and learning. Our graduates would be brought more in touch with the rest of the University, a consummation highly to be desired. There is certainly great need of a bond of union between the University and its sons, and we may add daughters too, apart from the purely sentimental one. So many excellent journals of this type are at present coming before our notice, that we feel in the highest degree confident in the feasibility of this scheme if interest enough can be roused in it. Many Universities can support more than two Journals among them, even dailies. Surely McGill could adequately support two. There seems at present to be a wave of progress in the University, shewing itself in various directions, and very probably this scheme, of which we have thought much, and which we have felt deeply, will commend itself to many.

OUR DIARY.

We do not know whether it is a custom of the Students of McGill to keep a diary; it is a most useful article, and, as the advertisements say, "no household is complete without one." When we speak of a diary, we do not refer to those bulky tomes which almost everyone at some time in his life has a fad for filling up with voluminous accounts of what they have done every day, as if they were anxious to keep an account of their daily actions with a view to the future checking of items in the books of the Recording Angel. No, the books we refer to are those in which we enter what we are going to do; how we intend, if the fiscal policy we have mapped out for ourselves is successful, to pay such and such a bill on the 20th, or perhaps entering a resolve that upon the 4th of Feb. we would take another "try" at that exam. in which we got plucked last month, or perchance making a memorandum that in February, 1896, we have to attend a meeting of the University Pin committee, or some little item of that kind; this is the sort of diary which we recommend to every student as being most useful.

This idea is suggested to us as we turn over the leaves of our Editorial Diary for 1894, noticing, by the way, that some articles promised us for the last number are still to come. We see under the date of Jan'y. 15th, in great big letters, and underlined in red ink, a note to the effect "Last day for the reception of contributions for the prize competition."

We ourselves were surprised to see that the time being so near for examinations had rather driven it out of our Editorial heads; and lest any of our subscribers should also have overlooked the date, we would recall it to their minds. The rules governing the competition will be seen by reference to our issue of Nov. 24th, 1893, and we earnestly recommend a perusal of them, and of course the editors themselves will be delighted to give any further information in their power.

We have no hesitation in saying on behalf of the Editorial and Business management of the FORTNIGHTLY, that we feel deeply interested in, and not a little anxious for, the success of the scheme we have put forward. We have taken upon ourselves, we firmly believe in the best interests of our paper, the responsibility of departing from the usual routine of College journalism in McGill in inaugurating this competitive system, and it is to you, our undergraduate subscribers, that we look to support us in the step we have taken. It must be patent to you as it is to us, that this is the critical year of the FORTNIGHTLY's existence. Last session the untiring and devoted energy of the two boards brought the paper up to its high standard, but it was backed by the enthusiasm of the student body at large over the resurrection of a college paper; this session the present management took up with some slight misgivings the work where it had been left off by the retiring boards, for we felt deeply that if our united efforts could not keep up the paper this year it would lose the ground it had gained under the former management, for we fully realized that when the

novelty had worn off, the general enthusiasm over the paper would to some extent decrease. It was with this in view that we earnestly besought you to aid us in our work by sending us articles, and we regret to say that our appeal did not meet with the general response which we had allowed ourselves to expect. We then decided to offer two prizes of twenty and ten dollars for the best stories submitted, and we now make a second appeal to you to endorse the step which we have taken.

As to the value of the prizes offered we can only say that we have devoted the largest amount which our financial condition would justify; and if the scheme is successful we look forward to seeing it permanently established; but, on the other hand, if, through indifference or apathy on the part of the undergraduates, it should fail, then it is greatly to be feared that its effect would be injurious rather than beneficial.

In conclusion, we feel that we have done all in our power in starting the competition, and it is you who must carry it to a successful issue; we therefore ask you to make an entry of it in your diaries, and hope that Jan. 15th will see an amount of original manuscript and literature handed in to the gentlemen who have kindly consented to act as judges which will cause them to stand aghast at the work they have undertaken and perchance to regret their generosity.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

AN ISLAND REVERIE.

One night, many hundred years ago, when the Star Angel slept, the dear stars in numbers quivered with desire to roam and wander through the Heavenly plains. They shook themselves free from the easy clasp of their sleeping Guardian, and floated out into the night. Before they had travelled far, a wind arose and blew them rudely hither and thither. So, when the Angel awoke, he missed his charges, and trembled in pain, causing a strange and restless trouble through all Nature's throbbing heart. His hard breathing impelled the floating stars towards Earth, and they were hurried downwards through illimitable space, and in the storm that followed, they seemed lost forever. But the following morning, Earth was richer and sweeter, for hundreds of fairy isles peeped above the glancing waters of the St. Lawrence, vying with one another in their depth of color and beauty of outline.

Year in and year out, these Islands remained, ever increasing in their beauty, and making men gladder to be alive in God's world of loveliness. At times a wind would breathe across them, with the tenderness of a mother caressing her babe, and again a low, sobbing sound would be heard through the trees as if someone were calling and calling in vain. But the waves would leap up and kiss the green shores, and the Sun smiled down upon them in gladness. Here the Earth Spirit felt Heaven's fire the keenest, and here Heaven's angels loved to rest at times.

God smiled, and it was Spring! Love's wand had kissed the hardness from the river's heart, and was quickening the trembling pulse of young life in tree and flower. Each day Heaven's blue became more glorious and intense, and the carol of the birds more exultant. "How soon a smile of God can change the world!" The stately trees, with early violets peeping at their feet, stretched upward toward the Sun and brought their leaves to birth, and birds began to mate and bring their bits of straw and grass to corners snug between the forking branches. And when the day was done, and the long shadows darker grew, the men and women living here would pause, and gazing on the glory all round, would question what it meant. Again, the low, soft, sobbing sound sighed through the trees, filling them with restless longings, unconscious longings for a nearer knowledge of the sweet truths calling to them from their throbbing hearts.

And so Spring came and went, and Summer was at hand. The nodding clover trembled beneath the weight of the happy bee, seeking sweets in the depths of its thick, pink head. The robin now piped, and the woodpecker awakened strange echoes in the quiet nooks of the Island Paradise. With the whispering leaves about him, and the branch gently giving way beneath his weight, the dainty squirrel paused and wondered at the shining live things dashing to and fro in the sunny waters beneath; then, frightened by the sound of voices foreign to his world, he would dash away himself, happy, blithe and gay, and what stories the leaves and birds whispered together! Every morning the shaking green things would greet the Sun with dewy welcome, and at night, when clouds of glory hid him out of sight, they hung their heads in quiet rest and hope, and listened to the tale of something strange and sweet they hardly understood though told beneath their shadow. And on the water in those Summer nights, the same sweet tale was heard in ever old but always newest accents, and the stars looked down in sympathy, and the Star Angel called it good, and forgot his old pain for his lost ones in the gladness of his heart for the human joy he witnessed; the Heavens became aglow with the fire from his rainbow colored garments, then a mist of angels' tears of gladness curtained off the sight from the heart's eyes beneath.

Spring did not die, but Summer was born, and now Summer was ripening into Autumn. The leaves whispered their farewells more tenderly than before to the departing Sun, who came later and lived a shorter life each day. The butterflies, sweet fairy lives, chased one another more rarely, and only in the heat of the noon-day Sun. The fruit hung ripe and ready to be gathered on the trees, and the bee toiled drowsily homeward,—its Summer work was nearly over. A gentle quiet reigned o'er all. Slowly and peacefully the days passed, one by one, and human hearts still loved and hoped and trusted. The leaves alone yearned with the pain of approaching separation. Each morning they waited in trembling the arrival of the Sun, to flutter with passionate joy, kissed by its rays, until the twilight came. But colder grew the nights, and with the dawn, mists

and fogs rose up to hide the King of Lights from the expectant leaves beneath, and the day came at last when the Sun did not appear, but remained hidden beneath the mass of cloud and mist which the Autumn had brought in its train. And then indeed Hope seemed dead, and the forest trees mourned that their last good-byes were said. Then it was that Love's holy miracle was consummated. The little leaves awakened, cold and trembling, but a radiant glory seemed to fold itself about them. Every leaf was toned with golden yellow fire won from the heart of the Sun. And wondering dimly that their mission was fulfilled, they quivered, and some dropped to the ground, like beautiful dead butterflies. Then the meaning dawned, and they understood. They felt "the flush and the burning, and the passionate, tender yearning," and knew that they had loved! What was Death to them! Nothing could dull the glory of that radiant memory! They had loved, and were glad to suffer from the consuming fire which granted them for a short time, to replace the Sun and shed its radiance on the cold and tear-damp earth below.

And the human soul, bowed beneath the golden glory, was destined to come to the same knowledge through "its infinite passion and pain." With the passing of the days, the mist of parting and separation had come to it, and had left it waiting,—waiting till it should clearly know and understand that God knew best; that for the love that seemed gone, there was to come a knowledge of something which was higher and better, a veritable Sunlight of Peace.

As the golden leaves dropped noiselessly down in benediction on the weary head, a break came through the leaden sky, the fresh wind of Heaven blew away the mist, the ivory gates fell back at the fairy touch, and for a moment was revealed the fathomless infinite blue beyond, suffused with the rays of the hidden Sun.

"God's in His Heaven—All's right with the world."

ISOLA.

THE ELECTRIC BEAR-TRAP.

A few summers ago I was called to minister to the spiritual wants of a number of small mining settlements north of Lake Huron, a bleak, desolate tract of rugged hills and marsh-lands, dotted here and there with lovely lakelets and bristling with the blackened remnants of a heavy growth of pine timber over which the fire had swept.

My appointments included half a dozen mining villages on branch lines from the C.P.R., at distances varying from three to six miles apart. When I could, I got a lift upon one of the coal engines plying between the mines and the shipping station at Sudbury; otherwise I trudged on foot between my outlying posts. One of the camps has a new mine just opened, a meagre collection of buildings comprising only half a dozen board-and-felt shacks and two boarding houses, in addition to the pit-house and smelter.

One Sabbath evening, towards the close of July, I had tramped over to this mine and gathered the miners

together in the dining-room of the main boarding-house for worship. They were a kindly set of folk there, and always gave the preacher a ready hearing, for the time dragged heavily on Sunday afternoons for those who were not working.

The evening was fine, and after service, when hand-shaking and good-byes were over and the last news exchanged, I shouldered my satchel of books and started homeward. The sun had just set in a cloudless sky, the air was fresh, with a slight breeze blowing from the west as I set out, and the chill of night, which clings to those high climates through the hottest months of the year, was rapidly replacing the heated air of day with a refreshing coolness.

Along the road I had to travel, which wound about the sides of rocky heights and slid through narrow valleys by the side of shadowy lakelets, were several long railway trestles and deep cuttings. The largest of these was a trestle-work crossing the corner of an abandoned beaver-meadow, which ran up into an angle of the hills on the southern side of the track, and upon the north stretched away in a grassy flat till it was hidden by a turn in the valley. Just beyond this trestle-work was a long cutting about twenty feet deep, ending in a sudden curve which carried the track out into a narrow plain between the receding hills.

I had reached the middle of the trestle when my attention was attracted by the motion of a dark object among the beaver-grass some distance to the south of me, in the angle of the meadow cut off by the track. A few moments' observation convinced me, in spite of the gathering dusk, that it was a full-grown black bear. I hurried on silently, having no wish for a closer acquaintanceship with the brute, and was soon within the sheltering walls of the cutting. Congratulating myself that I had escaped his observation, I hastened onward through the shadow of the gravelly walls. I had scarcely covered a dozen yards, however, when a sudden rustling among the scrub which covered the sides of the hill was followed by a crashing of branches, and Bruin appeared upon the edge of the cutting directly above me.

He did not seem, as he paused for a moment on the brink, with his little eyes blinking and his red tongue lolling out between the double row of glistening teeth,—he did not seem so much savage as enquiring. He had evidently seen me as soon as I had observed him, and possibly, not being so quick of recognition, had resolved on a tour of inspection, and so had struck forward at an angle so as to intercept me some distance down the line. I remember noting—for it seemed odd to me afterwards that such a thought should occur in the midst of my surprise and consternation—how accurately he had gauged my rate of walking and distance from him to have come upon me so exactly, and I wondered how he managed it.

However, there was no time for a solution of the problem, if I was to escape his embrace, so I hastened on at a sharp walk, hoping by this means to keep a safer distance between us than if I broke into a run

and excited him to a gallop. I was soon about a dozen rods in advance of him, for he hesitated a moment before scrambling the gravelly side of the cutting. My object now was to gain some cover, and if possible throw him off the scent, or, failing in that, to put such a distance between us as to render the hazard of a run to the nearest camp, about two miles away, not too great for my undertaking.

I had no weapons about me but a Bible and two dozen hymn books, which avail much in spiritual warfare but cannot be much relied upon in an encounter with a bear. I resolved, therefore, on gaining the curve of the road, where I was for a few moments hidden from the view of my pursuer, to exchange them for more material ammunition, and hastily depositing them among the weeds which lined the sides of the embankment, I filled my satchel with stones from the grading of the track, and hurried on. A few yards away was a telegraph pole, situated well down on the side of the track-bed, and breaking into a run as I neared it, I sprang from the ties, and clearing the weedy gravel alighted at its foot. A few moments more and I had clambered up the post, so that when Bruin rounded the bend of the road I was ensconced upon the cross-tree high above him. I had done this in the hope that he would miss my trail and continue down the track, but was doomed to disappointment. On reaching the spot from which I had made my leap, almost without a moment's hesitation, he left the track, and brushing through the brambles stopped at the post and gazed up at me. His expression as he squatted upon his haunches and turned his big head sideways to look up at me amused me in spite of my unpleasant situation,—it was so irresistibly comical; but the ludicrous soon gave place to the alarming when he began to clamber up the pole, hand over fist, as nimbly as a tar running up the rigging. I endeavored to drive him back by throwing at him the stones which I had gathered, but without effect; he growled savagely, and turning his black snout downward and away from me, to avoid the blows, came on with the back of his big shaggy head towards me.

It was my custom to carry with me upon my travels a stout walking-stick, which, without any definite notion other than that of retaining some weapon of defence, I had placed between my teeth on commencing the ascent of the post. It now stood me in good stead. The cross-tree of the post carried four wires, two on each arm; with my stick I broke the glass insulators which supported them, and grasping the outer ones in my hands so as to draw the four nearer together, I made a seat, upon which I edged myself out four or five feet from the post. Bruin meanwhile had gained the cross-tree, and was now crouching in the spot where I myself had been seated but a few moments since.

For a minute or so we looked at each other in silence, the bear panting with the labor of his ascent and I anxious as to how the affair would end. My pursuer did not leave me long in doubt; casting one paw around the post, he shoved the other gingerly out

along the wires to test their safety, being evidently bent upon reaching me if possible. Raising my stick as he did so, I struck him a short blow across the knuckles of his paw, causing him to withdraw it quickly with a short growl. Again it was stretched out, and again I administered a stroke into which I put all the force my insecure position would permit.

This by-play continued for some minutes, and the situation was becoming decidedly unpleasant. I was cramped from my unnatural position, and trembling with the strain of retaining my insecure seat; I was afraid lest the bear should take it into his head to shake me from my perch, or by breaking the wires cast me to the ground; and he, on his side, seemed resolved to force me to a surrender by siege.

I looked up and down the track, hoping to see one of the hand-cars which carried the men to and fro between the mines and the town, or even of a single traveller who might in some way help me to a solution of the undesirable problem on my hands; but in vain. The road stretched away to the east till it was hidden among the hills, but beside me and the brute who sat watching me out of his red eyes, so near that I could feel his hot breath, not a living creature was to be seen.

Of a sudden an unexpected diversion was made in my favor, which brought the incident to a speedy and novel termination. The bear and I were both squatting upon the electric wires, without any insulating medium between our bodies and the metal. It follows, therefore, if a current was travelling in one direction I would receive the full benefit of the shock, but if in the other its effect would be absorbed by the body of the bear. Fortunately for me the first despatch which flashed along the line came from the east, and so encountered the body of the bear before reaching mine. All this I understood afterwards, not then. What I did see at the time was this: a pained and startled look came into the eyes of the bear, and spread in all directions over his features, as if he had reason to suspect that one of his nearest relatives was dead and he had not been asked to the funeral. This was followed by a nervous twitching of the body and hindlimbs as the current became stronger, and a half-fearfully-expectant motion of the head from side to side, which gave one the impression that he was expecting some private earthquake which had been arranged for his special benefit and sent forward by telegraph. Then he imitated the actions of a man who is financially embarrassed and is trying to explain his position to half-a-dozen irate creditors at once. At last he seemed to find the task beyond his powers, and with a howl of despair tumbled headlong from the wires. For a moment or two after striking the earth he remained motionless, then slowly gathering himself up, he ambled clumsily off, growling and limping as he went, without so much as casting a glance back at the seat he had so unceremoniously vacated. I watched him scrambling over the rocks of the neighboring hill until he disappeared beyond its crest, then hastily descending from my precarious seat, I recovered my books, and hurried down the line to

notify the station agent that the wires were down about a couple of miles above the depot.

Harvard University.

R. MACDOUGALL.

FOOLS—BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

“What fools these mortals be.”

This is a chapter on “Fools.” It will therefore appeal to a wide circle of readers. Some great writer, whose name I have forgotten, says: “Mankind is made up of two great classes, knaves and fools, — mostly fools. Hence the wide application of this article. It used to be a stock joke for some wag to approach a fellow, whose verdancy was rather obtrusive, and ask him: “Are you a bigger fool than you look?” or, “Do you look a bigger fool than you are?” “Oh! I give it up,” says the verdant one, “So do I,” was the reply. People don’t like to admit it, but folly leavens a large proportion of human thoughts and actions.

An old saw has it: “Fools think themselves wise and wise men know that they are fools.” It is a very lucky thing for the world that everyone is not so wise as he thinks himself, for we would all be so clever that existence would be impossible.

The clown in “Twelfth Night” remarks very truly of the great, that “some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.”

So of fools there are three kinds:—

First, there are those that are born that way,—the fool *in esse*. Next, those who become so through inherent weakness—the fool *in posse*. Finally, those who take up the profession through force of circumstances—the fool *a necessitate*.

It is with the last class that we propose to deal.

The art of mimicry comes under a law which is of wide application in this world. The lower animals by instinct make use of it for purposes of attraction, protection, or as means of procuring food. The human species seem to have borrowed or at least make use of the faculty for the last purpose, that is, to make a living. From the earliest times we find that it was the custom for noble families to keep mimics and even cripples for the purpose of affording them amusement. The use of deformed persons in this way says little for the finer feelings of the age. They probably hadn’t any! In Homer we find the lame Vulcan hobbling about Olympus, and provoking shrieks of laughter from his brother and sister deities.

And the deformed Thersites is punished by Achilles and overwhelmed with the ridicule of the by-standers. Such conduct betrays great coarseness in nature.

The practice of keeping clowns or buffoons is of early date. In all ages there have been people who possessed natural gift and inclination for entertainment, and among most peoples there have been those who have used their gifts or their deficiencies to make their living.

In ancient Greece we find the prototype of the Mediæval jester. Of one of these, Philip by name,

we get an account in the "Banquet" of Xenophon. In the days of the Roman Empire we have the *scurræ* and *Moriones*. These seem to have been present at large banquets, where they occupied a seat opposite the master, with whom they exchanged sallies of wit and playful badinage. It is the custom at the present day in Italy for travelling bands of players to perform farces on market days, in which a principal character is the harlequin or clown. It is from something of this kind that Northern countries have borrowed *Punch*, which represents the Neapolitan *Pulcinella* or *Punchinello*.

By some, these Italian plays are regarded as developments of the Oscan *Atellanae*, the *Maccus* of which is the harlequin of the modern comedy. In later days in the East we have Bahalul the court jester of Haroun Al Raschid, of whom many stories are told. It is, however, in the Middle Ages that the fool attained his highest development.

The duty of the jester was to amuse his master and his guests, and counteract the burden of State affairs. His qualities were frequently exercised at the banquet, for they, like Shakespeare, recognized that "digestion waits on appetite." Dr. Fuller quaintly remarks of the duty of the court jester, that "it is an office which none but he that hath wit can perform, and none but he that wants it will perform." Probably one great cause of the jester's popularity was as Montezuma said that "more instruction was to be had from them than from wiser men, for they dared to tell the truth." The jesters were not always such fools as they looked; on the contrary, many of them were men of excellent parts. John Heywood, the poet and dramatist, was Queen Mary's jester; bold as were his sayings, few of them appear witty. A landlord asked him: "How do you like my beer? Is it not well hopped?" "So well," replied Heywood, "that had it hopped a little further it would have hopped into water."

In England, jesters existed as early as the reign of Edmund Ironside. In *Ivanhoe*, Wamba, the fool of Cedric the Saxon, plays the philologer in a manner which shows considerable erudition. It took a wise man to be a fool in those days.

According to Mr. Douce there were nine classes of fools:—

1. The domestic fool or buffoon.
2. The clown, a country booby or witty rustic.
3. The female fool, generally an idiot.
4. The city or corporation fool.
5. The tavern fool.
6. The fool of the mysteries and moralities, otherwise called the vice.
7. The fool or harlequin in the pantomime.
8. The fool in the Whitsun ales and Morris dances.
9. The Merry-Andrew.

Of the domestic fools, one of the most famous was Will Sommers, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. Arnim says of him in his *Nest of Ninnies*:—

"Only this much, he was a poor man's friend,
And helpt the widow often in her end.
The king would ever grant what he would crave
For well he knew Will no exacting knave."

Lord Chancellor Talbot had a Welsh jester, Rees Pengelding by name. He rented a farm from his master. The steward who had been a tailor and bore him a grudge, on one occasion put in an execution for rent, exclaiming in a surly manner, "I'll fit you, sirrah." "Then," replied Rees, "it will be the first time in your life that you ever fitted anybody."

Fools were often treated with great kindness, as witness King Lear. The license allowed them, though great, did not always give them protection. Whipping was the commonest form of punishment. In "Twelfth Night," Olivia says to the jester, "Sirrah, you shall be whipped." For a too obnoxious use of wit and satire against Archbishop Laud, Archie Armstrong lost his position and was dismissed from the court.

Armstrong was born in Cumberland, and at a very early age entered the service of James I, before which he had been, tradition says, a sheep stealer. He went with Charles and Buckingham on their secret matrimonial expedition into Spain. He sent from thence a letter to the King, signed by his mark, in which he asks James to provide him with an interpreter of the Spanish language; he had an English servant with him as valet. Archie Armstrong contrived to amass a large fortune. Of him it is written:—

"Archie, by Kings and Princes graced of late,
Jested himself into a fair estate."

Archbishop Laud was the object of Archie's great dislike and some of his bitterest sarcasms. He once, in presence of Charles I., asked leave, though Laud was present, to say grace before dinner. Permission being granted, the jester said: "Great thanks be given God, and little Laud to the devil." When Laud's anxiety to bring all Scotland into the Episcopal Church had resulted in a very serious opposition, Archie scoffed at Laud for his want of success; and, after the news of the rising at Stirling against the Liturgy, he dared to accost Laud, on his way to the Council Chamber, with the question, "Who's the fool now?" This insult was too great; the jester was brought before the Council and condemned to have his coat pulled over his head, and to be banished from the Court, which sentence was immediately executed. For all that, Armstrong did not cease to revile the prelate.

It required considerable ability and mother-wit for the fools to please their employers. Occasionally they failed dismally. The Duke of Mantua remarked to Cardinal Perron that his jester was "a meagre, poor-spirited buffoon." The cardinal replied, "Nevertheless he has wit." "Why so?" asked the duke, "Because," replied Perron, "he lives by a trade he does not understand."

The dress of the domestic fool was of two kinds. In the first the coat was of motley or parti-colored, bound to the waist by a girdle and frequently having bells upon the skirts and elbows. The breeches fitted closely, and the legs were often of different colors. The head was covered by a hood which completely covered it and fell down upon the neck and shoulders. This was decorated with a cock's neck and head, or with a cock's comb, or with bells. A feather was frequently added, e.g., in an old Morality the fool says:—

"By my troth the thing that I desire most
Is in my cappe a goodly feather."

The head was generally shaved in mimicry of a monk's crown. In his hand the fool carried a bauble, ornamented by a cock's head or puppet, and having a bladder attached with which to belabor the by-standers.

The other dress which was worn often in Shakspeare's time was a long petticoat, which at first belonged to the idiot and was adopted by the jester. From a manuscript we find that yellow was the fool's color. The dress, however, varied. In an account of Henry VIII's wardrobe is the following entry:—"For making a dublette lyned with canvas and cotton for William Somaroure foole. Item, for making of a coate and a cappe of greene clothe, fringed with red crule, and lyned with fryse, for our said foole." Further on:—"Item, for making of a coate of greene clothe, with a hooide to the same, fringed with white crule lyned with fryse and bokerham, for our foole aforesaid."

In the drama no clear line of distinction seems to have been drawn between the *fool* and the *clown*. In the early plays the fool was an idiot or natural, while the clown was merely a rustic or shrewd servant. Later, however, the stage-fool was a sort of heterogeneous being, copied partly from nature and partly caricature.

It is strange that the jester did not appear upon the stage oftener than he did, inasmuch as he served as a foil to the more important characters and amused the common herd, and displayed the wit of the writer. Shakspeare often uses them "to tickle the ears of the groundlings," and his fools are beyond imitation. When Charles the First fell, and puritanical manners crompt in the usefulness of the jester was almost gone. Muckle John, the fool of Charles I., was the last official person of the kind. In private life the custom gradually became obsolete, though it continued till last century. Dean Swift wrote an epitaph on Dicky Pearce, the Earl of Suffolk's fool, who died in 1728.

From the same cause as the drama declined, the fool began to disappear from the stage. "The Woman Captain," 1680, by Shadwell, is the last in which a regular jester is depicted.

Though the typical fool with coxcomb and bauble has disappeared from the stage, the desire for entertainment still exists, and we now have the endmen of the minstrel show, the circus clown, and the low comedian. These cater after their various fashions to that craving for folly that is so deep in the human system. On what constitutes a good fool we can't do better than quote the words of Mr. Wallet, "The Queen's jester":

"There never was a character on the great stage of life or the drama so much misunderstood as the one I am endeavoring to portray. It is generally supposed that the clown or the fool of the olden time was a low, illiterate buffoon, who delighted to throw his limbs into horrible contortions, to wallow out his tongue and roll his eyes, and, as Shakspeare says, 'commit such fantastic tricks before high heaven as to make the

angels weep.' But such is not the fact. The fool of the ancient day was a scholar and a gentleman when the kings and queens of his country could neither read nor write. Besides this, the clown or fool had a higher or holier province. He was the pioneer of human intelligence and manly independence. It was he who first stood up for the down-trodden rights and privileges of the great human family. You see, the fool was kept by kings and queens, and the courts to amuse them in their hours of leisure; and it was he who, under the garb of laughter, dared to tell those wholesome truths to the very teeth of tyrants, that greater men would have lost their heads for. But now 'Othello's occupation's gone.' It is no use being a fool nowadays—not it, indeed! Five hundred years ago—that was the time to be a fool! In those days fools were great men, but things are altered now, for great men are fools. In the olden time, fools were well paid; but now, like every other trade, profession, or business, there is so much opposition, and so many people make fools of themselves for nothing, that the trade is not worth following. Now, Shakspeare says: 'Let me play the fool with mirth and laughter; let old wrinkles come; and rather let my liver heat with wine than my heart cool with mortifying groans.'

"Now, there is a reason for being a fool; but the generality of fools are fools because they have no reason. But I am a fool, and I give you a reason for being a fool. Consequently, being a fool and having a reason, I am a reasonable fool. But there are so many kinds of fools. There are fools in their own right and fools in their own wrong. There are fools for nothing and there are fools for interest. Now, I am a fool for interest—that is, I am a fool, and I find it to my interest to be a fool. Therefore, being a fool and having an interest, I ought to be considered an interested and an interesting fool. At the same time, I must be a fool from principle, because if I had no principle I could have no interest, because interest is derived from principle. And when I shew I have an interest, that proves I have a principle; consequently I am a principled fool. But there are old fools and young fools; satirical fools and drunken fools—who are the worst of all fools. Yes, if I had a voice that would echo from hill to hill, and vibrate through every valley, I would cry aloud, without fear of contradiction, that drunken fools are the very worst of all fools—except teetotal fools. That reminds me of what I saw in Manchester the other day. In one gutter I saw a pig; in the other the semblance of a man. The pig was sober; the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose; the other animal had one on his finger. The pig grunted; so did the man; and I said aloud: 'We are known by the company we keep,' and the pig heard me, and walked away, ashamed to be seen in the company of the drunken man. Shakspeare says: 'All's well that ends well;' so I finish with the pig, because I think the tale ends well when there is a pig at the end of it."

Although we don't belong to the porcine race, we also bring our tail to an end.

A TALE OF THE BO(A)RDERS.

It was on Christmas eve in the year 188— that I attended a supper given by a student whose home was too far away to permit of his spending his Christmas holidays there. It was Andy Merregan, a tall, handsome lad, with the most innocent of faces and most rollicking dare-devil of natures, who was our host.

Andy was one of those fellows who are always popular, an honest, straightforward boy, always in a scrape of some kind or another, yet invariably happy and a favorite with the authorities, although their chief knowledge of him was through those pleasant little meetings, the outcome of an invitation to appear before the Faculty. The guests were other "exiles," who like myself were unable to enjoy the pleasures of Christmastide in our homes, and who were only too glad of a chance to drive away that dull, deadly feeling of homesickness that *would* choke up, strive against it as we might, when we thought "to-morrow is Christmas, and I am here."

The memory picture of that supper has never faded, and I can recall most vividly the scene as we sat around the hastily decorated table, roaring with laughter whilst Andy was bemoaning the fate which led him into constant trouble with the "powers that be," and explaining that his last "row," caused by his standing in the grounds and shying pebbles through the window at the head of a professor whose lecture he had just sloped, was owing entirely to a mistake in the professor's identity, as he had taken him for one of the students; "and, faith, there's not much difference between the back of their heads, as you'll see if you look for yourselves; but of course it wouldn't be myself if I didn't hit the wrong man! I'm such an unlucky beggar," he concluded in a most mournful tone.

We were all students and old friends, and the evening fairly flew by as story followed story and one reminiscence called up another, so that it was nearly half past one when we broke up.

I had just moved into new lodgings that afternoon, and started to go to them, feeling at peace with all the world.

It was one of those beautiful, clear, cold, moonlight nights for which the Canadian winter is so famous, but my enjoyment of the walk home was marred by the horrifying thought that I had forgotten to get a latch key for the door of my new lodgings, and that in all probability I would be locked out. I hurried home and opening the front door of the porch, stepped in to try the door and see if it was locked.

As soon as I entered, a voice said: "Hullo, Mister! Do you live here. I hope you've got a key, for I've lost mine."

There, sitting on the step, wrapped in a huge fur coat, sat my friend Drummyer, smoking away as coolly as though he was in his easy-chair.

He remembered me as soon as I spoke, and informed me that he also had lived in the house for some time. I explained to him that I was in as bad a box as himself, and proceeded to pull the door-bell.

"It's no use, my boy; I exercised on that bell till I

was tired, and no one paid the slightest attention. The best thing you can do is to take things coolly, and sit down here till some other man comes who has a key; someone is sure to turn up, because its Christmas eve and there is a great deal going on."

I acted on his advice and "took it coolly" indeed, the weather wouldn't permit of anything else; so I sat down beside him, and borrowed some tobacco to console myself with.

It got a little monotonous after a while, and I remarked:

"Well, we must look like a couple of fools sitting out here in the porch as if it was about eight o'clock on a June evening."

"Faith, you're right. It is most ridiculous, but it's the best we can do. Say, this reminds me of another funny accident that happened to me in my First year. I'll tell you about it to pass away the time."

I got over in the warmest corner of the porch, and picking up the door mat wrapped it around me for company and warmth, and then told him to go on.

"In our First year there was a boy named Cornelius Rogerson. He was a tall, lath-and-plaster looking fellow, with a good deal of fun in him, but very shy and sensitive; the poor chap had never lived away from home before coming up to McGill, and was most horribly homesick when he got there. He knew absolutely nothing about boarding, house life, and bit at once at an advertisement offering board and lodgings 'with home comforts.' His landlady was a tall, wooden-faced woman of severe puritanical type, whose ideas of 'home comforts' seemed to be summed up in giving 'Corny' a wretched little garret room, for which she charged a very good price, keeping a very poor table and a watchful eye over her young boarder whom she bullied most unmercifully. If he remained out at night after ten o'clock,—which he didn't often do, as he had no latch-key, she—was down on him like a thousand of bricks next morning; while if any student friends dropped in and spoke above a whisper or smoked in his room, she made life miserable for him for a week. I never saw a poor wretch so completely under anyone's thumb. Once I believe he did rebel after some piece of outrageous conduct on her part, and threatened to leave, but she quickly subdued him by sundry vague threats of having him arrested and making him pay for his room for the whole year, and he, poor fellow, thinking that she had the power to do so, quickly subsided. Time and again he would come up to lectures with a general appearance of being flurried, without either exercise, note or text-book, and as we had made great friends, my books sufficed for both. I at length got to understand these symptoms, and was always prepared for the story of the little séance he had had with his landlady just before leaving the house, which he would relate to me coming down the avenue.

"At length it came near the time for Christmas examinations. All were trying to make up for lost time, and Rogerson and I used to study together quite frequently. On one of these nights I was working in his room for an examination in English which was

to be held the following day. I, strange to say, felt just in the humor for work, and about ten o'clock I looked up from my work, and said: 'I say, Corny, old man, what do you say to our plugging late to-night; it is no use stopping now we are just getting into it.' He said nothing for a minute, then blurted out in a most voluble manner: 'Why, yes, of course; most certainly. Yes, yes, I am perfectly willing; why, I'll all work night if you want. I don't care. Why, of course.'

"I looked at him quickly, and took in the situation at once: he was trying to convince himself that he was not dreading the row which he knew he would have next morning with the 'female' for letting me stay so late.

"Of course as soon as I saw this, I determined to stay on, just to tease the poor boy, so I buckled down again just as if I was going to stay for a week, and worked away as hard as I could, but I could see that poor Corny was uneasy and nervous. About half past one I decided to go, and closed up my books. He looked up with a most relieved face, and said reproachfully: 'I say, old man, you're not going yet, are you?' I was putting on my overcoat when he gave a slight cough, and started to speak, but hesitated; I was bound not to help him out, but waited to hear what he wanted. 'I say, old man,' he stammered, 'you wouldn't mind taking off your boots, would you; the old woman will be asleep, and I don't want to wake her, she is such an old beast, you know.' I grinned to myself, but of course complied with his request, and started to grope my way down the stairs after him for all the lights were out—loaded down with my boots and books.

"We got to the foot of the stairs, and Corny unlocked the hall door, and just had his arm up with a match to light the gas when I looked over my shoulder, and there at the head of the stairs was a tall, white-robed figure looking down at us. I was greatly amused, and giving Corny a dig in the ribs I said: 'She is on to you, Rogerson.'

"I was sorry I spoke, for he looked back, and grew positively pale with fright. Out went the match, and he grabbed me by the arm and pitched me out in the snowy street in my stocking feet, and as he closed the door he said: 'Well, good-night, old fellow, good-night, good-night. I'll see you in the morning.'

"You can imagine my feelings as I sat down in the street, when it was just about as cold as it is now, to put on my boots. Hello, by Jove; here comes a man who has a key," he added, as someone came up the steps. "Happy Christmas to you. Drop into my room some time to-morrow, and I'll introduce you to the other fellows who are in the house."

S. C.

CATSABIANCA.

(*A Catastrophe.*)

The cat stood on the back yard fence
Whence all but him had fled;
The bricks which drove his comrades hence
Fell thick around his head;

Yet dauntless and unmoved he stood
Amid the falling storm;
A creature of defiant mood,—
A fierce and feline form.

The bricks rained on—he would not go
Without his serenade
To Tabby on the ground below,
Who loitered in the shade.

He called aloud: "Say, Tabby,—Fitz!
Meow! Will you not be mine?—"
Using, of course, not speech but its
Equivalent feline.

"Speak, Tabby," once again he cried,
"If I may hope to win—"
And but a muttered curse replied
Amid the hellish din.

Just then he felt a boot-jack fall
Upon his bristling hair;
But still he hugged his caterwaul,
And mewled in brave despair.

With one last howl he shrieked aloud:
"Oh, Tabby dear, farewell!"
While round him in a hustling crowd
The murderous missiles fell.

At last the man above grew wild,
And raised his gun on high,
Remarking, as he grimly smiled,—
"That cat had got to die!"

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
That cat—Oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, which scattered round
His ashes o'er the lea!

JOHLE JOHKR.

SONNET.

One April eve, as Earth impatient broke
From Winter's clasp to greet the coming Spring,
In converse deep, while homeward sauntering,
The spirit-music in our souls awoke,
As harpstrings vibrant to the master's stroke.
Through all the naked branches overhead,
The moon's rays soft a subtle radiance shed,
That lit the revels of the fairy folk,
And cast weird shadows on the pavement stone,
The naked branches—so they seemed to be—
Till in the shadow on the pavement thrown
We saw the swelling buds just bursting free;
O Life! How oft to us in shade is shown
What in the substance we had failed to see.

ERIE.

SOCIETIES.

MCGILL GLEE AND BANJO CLUB.

"What's the matter with old McGill? She's all right" just as long as there remain 26 men in the college to form a Glee and Banjo club.

The Christmas tour of the Club is over, and has been a decided success, the high class character of the selections and their rendition calling forth much praise.

Starting on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 21st, in a special car, we proceeded to Lachute, where we gave

our concert before an enthusiastic but, owing to the size of the hall, a rather small audience. "We did not make much money but we had lots of fun,"—the member will understand the joke.

After the concert the time was delightfully spent in listening to impromptu solos from different members of the Club, and soon we were again en route.

Arriving at Ottawa we were met by an electric car, and quickly taken to the Russell House.

Friday was spent in rehearsing and sight-seeing, which was made very pleasurable, thanks to the Ottawa Electric Co., who placed a car at the disposal of the Boys for the afternoon. Among the places visited was the power house of the above company, which contains the largest dynamo in the Dominion, 7000 H.P. Our concert in the evening was a "take ;" notices had been put in the papers, requesting the graduates and friends of McGill to appear with the colors, and the house was universally dotted with red and white. The following clipping from the *Ottawa Citizen* of the next morning will best describe the concert, but in addition we would add that our enthusiastic Governor General would make an excellent leader if the Boys could all face his way ; also we think that Schneider's Band did not have a fair chance, as the audience was overcome with mirth before the close of the first verse, and indeed so overcome was one of the Aides-de-camp that he rolled off his chair.

THE SWEET SINGERS OF MCGILL.

Some College Songs and Instrumental Selections of Rare Merit.

The McGill University Glee and Banjo Clubs received a hearty welcome at the Grand last night, and they deserved it. The concert they presented more than justified the high expectations held of them by their friends. The programme was carried through with great precision, and there was not a hitch from beginning to end.

Nearly every number on the programme was encored. There were a few features, however, that deserve special note. Mr. Tétreau's rendition of "Madrienne"—Miss Bertha O'Reilly accompanist—was one of the best things of the evening. Mr. Tétreau is an old Ottawa College boy, and received a double ovation from the students of that University and of McGill when he appeared. On a par with Mr. Tétreau's singing was the reciting of Mr. Donald Guthrie, B.A. This gentleman is a finished elocutionist, and was deservedly encored. It is too bad that the quartette composed of Messrs. Lambly, Tétreau, Williams and Fry does not oftener figure on the programme. Their singing of the "Old Home down on the farm" was very fine.

The best thing the Glee Club sang was Schneider's Band. It is a splendid song for a club, and is peculiarly suitable for a college song. Mr. John H. Parker's execution upon the banjo was excellent, his trick playing being much admired. Of all the banjo selections, and they were everyone well rendered, the prettiest was a march entitled "Ottawa," by Parker.

The Capital is well represented among McGill's musicians. Messrs. T. Tétreau, O. S. Finnie and W. R. Askwith figuring in the Glee Club, and Messrs. J. H. Parker, J. K. Larmonth and R. O'Reilly among the banjoists.

His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen and a party from Rideau Hall were present.

A matinee will be given by special request this afternoon, which will also be under Vice-Regal patronage.

After the matinee we at once proceeded to the station, and took train again, this time for home.

We carry our music with us, and so we were not silent on the way.

The special thanks of the Club are due to the Canadian Pacific Railway and to the Ottawa Electric Co. for the handsome accommodation they furnished, and to our manager Mr. R. A. Gunn for the indefatigable manner in which he completed all arrangements.

The Club was accompanied by our genial Hon. Pres., Prof. McLeod, to whom is due much of our success.

The results of the tour give promise of a crowning triumph at our Montreal Concert, which is to be given in the Windsor Hall on Tuesday, Jan. 9th, and it is to be hoped that the boys will turn out with "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The vacation season has of necessity interrupted the work, but, notwithstanding the Prayer Meeting on Friday evening, has been continued with interest and profit. Three social evenings were arranged for the men who were unable to get home for Christmas ; we regret that the great number in the city prevented invitations being extended to all, a special effort was made that all members of the First Year should receive attention.

The Sunday Afternoon Meeting will be resumed on January 7th, and led by Frank J. Day, president. In our plans for the New Year, would it not be right towards ourself, toward our college and toward our God, to make this hour on Sunday afternoon a regular engagement for the term? The Committee will do its share in helping to make the meeting attractive and useful, it remains with our members whether the meeting shall be marked with interest and power.

Come ! render help by your presence, by your prayers, by your word.

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING

Young Men's Christian Association of McGill University.

Saturday, January 13th, 1894, 7. 30 p.m.

Class Room I, Arts Building

Business :—Election of Officers. Reception of reports and other business.

The Nominating Committee have the following nominations to announce; other nominations may be made at the meeting:—

President,—Walter J. LeRossignol, B.A., Med. '95.

1st Vice-President,—Wm. C. Sutherland, Arts '95.

2nd Vice-President,—H. P. Archibald, Science '97.

Recording Secretary,—Arthur Gun, Med. '95.

Treasurer,—Alex. R. Ross, Arts '97.

Asst. Treasurer,—R. W. Suter, Science '97.

The Committee and the General Secretary are appointed by the newly elected officers who form the Executive Committee.

The business transacted at the annual meeting should be of great interest to every member, and affords an opportunity of becoming familiar with the work of the Association which can be obtained in no other way. The future of the Association will also be affected by the meeting. Do you appreciate the past work of the Association? Do you desire its future success? Then shew it by your presence and participation.

It is with great thankfulness that we announce that Mr. George Hague has promised \$5,000 towards a Y.M.C.A. building. This should serve as an encouragement and as a good example to other generous friends. We trust that this building will soon be an accomplished fact.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Medical Society was held on Saturday evening, Dec. 16th, about twenty members being present.

Shortly after eight o'clock the president called the meeting to order. After the usual business had been transacted, Mr. Jas. Pritchard was called upon to read his case report on "Typhoid Fever."

The case proved a very interesting and instructive one, owing to the several intercurrent diseases with which it was complicated. These had been thoroughly gone into by Mr. Pritchard, and gave abundant scope for discussion. After this case had been pretty well threshed out, Mr. Kinghorn read a paper on "Non-Alcoholic Beverages."

The paper dealt with the uses and abuses of water, tea, coffee, cocoa.

The paper showed that considerable thought and care had been bestowed upon it, and was a treat to those who listened to it.

After some discussion on this paper the Society adjourned.

THE UNIVERSITY LECTURE. (*Concluded*)

In 1880, on occasion of the twenty-fifth year of my tenure of office as principal, I endeavored to assemble its graduates at a banquet in the William Molson hall. Much labor was necessary to secure accurate information as to their addresses, and this was made means of preparing the first directory of the graduates. Eight hundred and fifty cards of invitation were issued, and answers expressing sympathy and affection for Alma

Mater were received from nearly all. The result was that 360 gentlemen, nearly all graduates of the University, were able to attend and to take their seats at the tables occupying the hall. At this entertainment, after a few words of welcome to the guests and the usual toasts, addresses were delivered by representatives of the different bodies and interests connected with the University, and by representatives of sister institutions. The topics were naturally those connected with the past history and present state of the University, and the part which its governors, principal and fellows, its benefactors and its graduates had taken in elevating it to the condition to which it had attained, and in advancing the interests of education. As to the future, the evening was signalized by the announcement of the intention of Peter Redpath, Esq., one of the governors, to erect a costly and capacious museum building on the College grounds; and that of the Principal to place therein, as a gift to the University, his own large geological collections; and the further announcement that the graduates proposed to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of the Principal's tenure of office by the creation of a University building to bear his name. The speakers on points more directly relating to McGill, were the Hon. Judge Day, chancellor; Mr. P. Redpath, Hon. Judge Dunkin, Dr. E. T. Meredith, Dr. Campbell, Prof. Trenholme, Dr. Johnson, Prof. Bovey, Mr. R. A. Ramsay, Dr. Chamberlin, Hon. Dr. Church and Hon. Mr. Lynch. The addresses of these gentlemen were replete with reminiscences of the olden time, new to many of the younger auditors, as well as with auguries and projects for the future. The entertainment being a private one, reporters were not admitted, which, perhaps, was an error, as it would have been interesting now to have preserved a record of the addresses, more especially of those delivered by men who have since passed away.

The University should, I think, take a large share of credit for the success of the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Montreal in 1857 and 1882, and the still more important meeting of the British Association in 1884. University men worked earnestly in aid of these meetings, the use of the College buildings contributed materially to their accommodation, and the results tended in many ways to the promotion of science in Canada. Such meetings, by bringing among us eminent men, widely known abroad, and by directing special attention to scientific topics, contribute greatly to our advance in national improvement and in placing us abreast of the scientific movement in other countries. Each of these meetings has had its influence in these respects and has marked a distinct step in our upward progress.

I have said little in these reminiscences of the financial affairs of the University. In this respect we have always been in straitened circumstances, but relief has often come just at our time of greatest need, though there have always been important fields of usefulness open to us, but which we had not room to enter on. Our last public appeal is thus referred to in a publication of the time: "At the close of the financial year

1880-81, our income had ebbed in a most threatening manner. Being derived mainly from mortgages on real estate, it had run some risks and experienced a few losses in the commercial crisis of the preceding years. But when the tide of commercial prosperity turned, a greater calamity befell us in the fall of the rate of interest, which reduced our revenue by nearly 20 per cent., and this at a time when no decrease of expenditure could be made without actual diminution of efficiency. In these circumstances the Board of Governors found it necessary to insist on most unwelcome retrenchments, injurious to our educational work, and which some of us would have been glad to avert even by much personal sacrifice and privation. At length, on the 13th of October, 1881, we convened a meeting, not happily of our creditors, but of our constituents, the Protestant citizens of Montreal, and our position and wants were laid before them most ably, and, I may say, even pathetically, by the chancellor, Judge Day and the honorary treasurer, Mr. Ramsay. The meeting was a large and influential one, and I shall never cease to bear in grateful remembrance the response which it made. There was no hint of blame for our extravagance, no grudging of the claims of the higher education which we represented, but a hearty and unanimous resolve to sustain the University and to give it more than the amount which it asked. The result of the meeting was the contribution of \$28,500 to the endowment fund, besides \$26,335 to special funds, including the endowment of Mr. W. C. McDonald's scholarships, and of \$18,445 in annual subscriptions, most of them for five years. But this was not all, for it was followed by two of those large and generous bequests of which this city may well be proud. Major Hiram Mills, an American gentleman, resident for twenty years in Montreal, and familiar with the struggles of the University, left us by will the handsome sum of \$43,000 to endow a chair in his name, as well as a scholarship and a gold medal. On this endowment the Governors have placed the chair of classical literature. More recently our late esteemed friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. David Greenshields, has added to the many kind actions of a noble and generous life the gift of \$40,000 for the endowment of a chair to be called by his name (the David Greenshields chair of chemistry).

It is perhaps unnecessary that I should continue this history further. The great steps in advance of the last few years are known to nearly all who hear me. In so far as money is concerned, these gifts include the following: The Thomas Workman endowment for mechanical engineering of \$117,000, supplemented by \$20,000 from Mr. W. C. McDonald; the W. C. McDonald Engineering building, valued with its equipment at \$350,000, and an endowment of \$45,000 for its maintenance, and also the endowment of the chair of electrical engineering with the sum of \$40,000; the erection and equipment by the same gentleman of the Physics building, valued at \$300,000, and two chairs of physics with endowments amounting to \$90,000; the endowment of the Faculty of Law by the same benefactor with \$150,000, and the endowment of

the Gale chair in the same Faculty with \$25,000; the large gifts to the Medical Faculty by Sir D. A. Smith and Mr. J. H. R. Molson and other benefactors, amounting to \$269,000; the John Frothingham Principal fund of \$40,000, founded by Mrs. J. H. R. Molson and the Rev. Fred'k Frothingham: the purchase of land valued at \$42,500 by Mr. J. H. R. Molson; the further endowment by the same gentleman of the chair of English Literature with \$20,000; the Philip Carpenter Fellowship with endowment of \$7,000; the Peter Redpath library, valued at \$150,000, with \$5,000 annually for its maintenance. Many minor gifts have also testified to the good-will and liberality of the city. In the aggregate these gifts of citizens of Montreal within the past three years amount to more than a million and a half of dollars. These great benefactions are not only a vast addition to our resources, but an earnest for the future, since it is not to be supposed that so great and useful endowments, attracting so many students, and so highly appreciated by the public, shall ever be left to fall into decay or fail to be supplemented by additional benefactions. It is to be observed also that the greater part of them have been given by men not graduates of the University, and it is to be expected that as our graduates increase in number, influence and wealth, some return will flow in from them for the benefits they have received. They need not think that their gifts will be declined. There are still great needs to be supplied. These may be ranged under the three heads of the professional faculties, the academical faculty and the University as a whole.

In the former, the Faculties of Law, Medicine and Veterinary Science are still deficient in regard to class rooms and laboratories. The Faculty of Applied Science is still unprovided with necessary outfit in reference to the departments of mining engineering and practical chemistry. It is, however, the academical Faculty, or Faculty of Arts, that is in most need. It requires large additions to its staff, and more especially division of the heavier chairs. In this connection it should be observed that it is burdened with the general education of students of professional schools as well as with the training of its own students. It is also in great need of improved class rooms and extended accommodation of every kind for its work. The University as such needs a new gymnasium, college, lodging houses and a dining hall, and an adequate convocation hall with rooms for University boards and general College societies and for University officers. It is not too much to say that in securing these ends the great benefactions already given might profitably be doubled. That these things will all be done in process of time, I have no doubt; but it should be remembered that class after class of students is going forth into the world without having enjoyed these benefits. I have a large packet of papers labelled unfinished and abortive schemes, containing the details of these and other plans. I value these papers very highly as representing creative thought not yet materialized, but I am quite willing to part with any of them to any benefactor who

will carry it into actual effect. While personally it is necessarily a matter for regret that I cannot continue in office till the great improvements to which I have referred are realized, it is at least something, after our long and arduous journey through the wilderness of penury and privation, to see even afar off the goodly land into which my successors are entering, and in the enjoyment of which, I trust, they will forgive the shortcomings of those who had to lead the way, and not forget the dangers and difficulties of the thorny paths through which we have passed. One feature, however, of our history for which we cannot be too deeply thankful, is the comparative peace and mutual forbearance which have prevailed in all the past years, and the united and earnest action of all the members of the University in every crisis of our long conflict. Nor have we had any reason for anxiety respecting our Students. I confess that if there is anything I have feared, and have constantly prayed to be exempt from, it has been the possible occurrence of those rebellions and disorders that have troubled so many colleges on this continent. For this exemption I do not take credit to myself. McGill has had an able and devoted governing board, a body of competent, diligent and, on the whole, popular professors, derived from a large number of different Universities on both sides of the Atlantic, and the Canadian student is on the whole a hard worker and not too self-asserting. Nor is our system of College government a cast-iron constitution which has been set up by an act of legislation. It has grown up under experience and careful adaptation of methods to needs. In McGill, each Faculty exercises jurisdiction over its own Students, the executive officer being the Dean of the Faculty. The Principal intervenes only when desired to give advice or assistance, or when any case arises affecting Students of different Faculties; and the power of expelling Students resides only in the corporation—a body including the governors, the Principal and all the Deans of the Faculties, with elective representatives of the Faculties, of the affiliated colleges and of the graduates. Under this system it is understood that each professor is supreme in his own classroom, but his power of discipline is limited to a temporary suspension from lectures, which must be at once reported to the Dean. If necessary, the Dean may lay the case before the Faculty, which, after hearing, may reprimand, report to parents or guardians, impose fines, suspend from classes, or, in extreme cases, report to the corporation for expulsion. No case involving this last penalty has, however, yet occurred, and the effort in all cases is to settle every case of discipline by personal influence and with as little reference to laws and penalties as possible. With this machinery a simple code of rules is sufficient. It provides for orderly and moral conduct in the buildings and in going and coming, and for the safety of the property of the University, and prohibits all action likely to obstruct the work of the College or to interfere with the progress of other Students. In the case of College societies it is required merely that their objects shall be consistent with those of the University, and that their laws and officers shall be communicated to and ap-

proved by the Faculty in whose rooms they meet. Above and beyond all such machinery and rules lies the obligation on Principal, Deans and Professors to watch the beginnings of evil, and to counteract by wise and kindly advice anything that may lead to disorder. On the other hand, the effort of the student should be to exercise all that liberty which tends to make him self-reliant and fit for the battle of life, while he endeavors to avoid the formation of any habits inimical to the interests of his fellow-students or injurious to himself. In all this I proceed on the assumption that it is the business of a University to train young men and women for noble lives, not so much to teach them to do something as to train them to be something. Perhaps the tendency most to be feared in our age and country is that towards practical and profitable work, without the previous education that should develop fully the mental powers and form the character. This tendency it is the duty of the University by all means to counteract, as one that will lower our national character, and thereby prevent our highest success. This principle being kept in view, the cultivation of interest and the enthusiasm for College work at once secures progress and peace. In short, the control of young men or young women is to be exercised rather in the way of inducing them to like their work and duty than by any influence of the nature of coercion or restraint. In this way only can they be trained to control themselves and, when their turn comes, to control others. They who would rule must themselves learn willing obedience. Of course, there is place here for all the elevating influence of spiritual religion, and there is scope for that most important power which arises from the example of punctuality, self-denial and honest work on the part of professors.

The religious life of McGill University has been of a quiet and unofficial character. We have not sought to make any parade of religious services as such, but by personal influence and example to foster piety among the students, and to facilitate as far as possible their taking advantage of the religious privileges afforded in the city. In this connection I attach paramount importance to the spontaneous action of the students themselves, more especially as manifested in their Christian associations. These have, I think, been sources of unmingled good, and have largely contributed to maintain and extend religious life. I could wish that they should have from the University or its friends means to provide proper accommodation for meetings and social reunions, and that the utmost aid and countenance should be extended to them by the college authorities.

My function in this University has been that of a pioneer, and viewed in this light it has not been compatible with the dignity and the authority which are usually attached to the heads of more firmly established colleges in older countries. It is time, however, that this should be changed, and I trust that my successor will enter upon office under more favorable conditions than those of the feeble and struggling University of the past. I would more especially ask in his behalf that he should have means to support the dignity of the University in its social aspect, to entertain distinguished

strangers as well as the members of the University, and to take a place in society becoming the magnitude of the interests committed to his care. Under our constitution he cannot be an autocrat, since he can only enforce regulations enacted by the governors and corporation, but he should at least have full information as to all contemplated movements, and should be consulted respecting them, and should be recognized as the only official medium of communication between the different portions of the University. The operations of McGill are now so extensive and complicated that the dangers of disintegration and isolation have become greater than any others, and the Principal must always be the central bond of union of the University, because he alone can know it in all its parts and weigh the claims, needs, dangers, difficulties and opportunities of each of its constituent faculties and departments. Much of this must without doubt depend upon his personal qualities, and I trust those who are to succeed me in this office may be men not only of learning, ability and administrative capacity, but of unselfish disinterestedness, of large sympathies and wide views, of kindly, generous and forgiving disposition, and of that earnest piety which can alone make them safe advisers of young men and women entering on the warfare of life.

In conclusion, let me say a word as to myself and my retirement from office. My connection with this University for the past thirty-eight years has been fraught with that happiness which results from the consciousness of effort in a worthy cause, and from association with such noble and self-sacrificing men as those have built up McGill College. But it has been filled with anxieties and cares and with continuous and almost unremitting labor. I have been obliged to leave undone or imperfectly accomplished many cherished schemes by which I had hoped to benefit my fellow-men and leave footprints of good on the sands of time. Age is advancing upon me, and I feel that if I am fittingly to bring to a close the business of my life I must have a breathing space to gird up my loins and fresh myself for what remains of the battle. I have, besides, as you know, been somewhat abruptly deprived by a serious illness of my accustomed strength, and in this I recognize the warning of my Heavenly Father that my time of active service is nearly over. In retiring from my official duty I can leave all my work and all the interests of this University, with the confidence that, under God's blessing, they will continue to be successful and progressive. The true test of educational work well done is that it shall have life and power to continue and extend itself after those who established it are removed. I believe that this is the character of our work here, and I shall leave it with the confident expectation that it will be quite as successful in my absence as in my presence. Such a result I shall regard as the highest compliment to myself. To this end I ask your earnest consideration of the sketch of our progress which I have endeavored to present, and I pray that the blessing of God may rest on the University and on every part of it, and that it may be strengthened with His power and animated with His spirit."

Sir William Dawson on the conclusion of this interesting lecture, which was listened to with breathless interest, was loudly cheered. Sir Donald Smith, conveyed the thanks of the assembly to the lecturer and a few words from Lord Aberdeen brought the function to a close.

NEW BOOKS.

It has been our good fortune within the past week to have had the opportunity of reading the recently published volume *LAKE ST. LOUIS, OLD AND NEW*, by Désiré Girouard, D.C.L., Q.C., M.P., and we wish to record the pleasure we have found in that reading. Perhaps no histories are more attractive than those describing particular localities; and Lachine, and the different villages on Lake St. Louis, cannot fail to be of interest to all who desire to know the origin and growth of Montreal and its surroundings. In the book Mr. Girouard tells us very much that is new, and if there be portions of it that we have met with before, they were heretofore in the shape of scraps and disjointed pieces, but the author has placed them in order, and furnished us with a "plain, unvarnished tale," which renders the book of inestimable value for future reference; moreover, in notes, Mr. Girouard furnishes the reader with references to the sources which he has studied, and we can readily understand the laborious task he must have taken upon himself. The value of the work is enhanced by the introduction of *pièces justificatives*, helpful alike to the student and the casual reader.

The scope of the work will be best conveyed by quoting Mr. Girouard's own words in his "Preface":

"While the nations of the old world, and the new, are celebrating the discovery of America, a resident of Lachine may be justified in paying his tribute to the memory of those who founded and fostered the settlements of Lake St. Louis, especially to one who was not only the father of Lachine, but the pioneer of the States of Ohio, Michigan and Illinois,—Robert Cavélier de La Salle. Here, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the Seignior of St. Sulpice, the great explorer dwelt, until, incited by the marvellous tales of the Iroquois Indians, he conceived the idea of a passage by land to China and Japan. This project he was destined never to carry out; but he penetrated the far West to the mouth of the Mississippi, leaving behind him on his route the foundations of posts, to become at a later period great centres of trade and commerce."

* * * * *

"When, in time, the Continent of America has ripened into old age, the history of the pioneers of the 17th Century will be looked upon as more astounding than the tales of the mythic heroes of mythology; and though they be not gods, their work will yet have received the seal of the Almighty."

The "tribute" proposed, Mr. Girouard has faithfully accomplished. The book is a handsome one, and a good specimen of the printer's art; moreover, it is brought down to date, for in addition to portraits of the founders, and illustrations of many of the old buildings, there are many illustrations of the "Cottage Homes" of the merchants of Montreal, and other residents of Lachine, St. Ann's, Dorval, etc., of to-day.

It is gratifying to observe the increase of interest in the study of Canadian History within the past few years,—no country has a more attractive story to tell; and such books as Mr. Girouard's help largely to increase the number of such students. It is delightful reading, and the story is told in such a charming style, that it is pleasant and attractive, and you are learning history without being aware of it.

VARITIES AND DI-VARITIES.

Everybody has been out of town enjoying the paternal roast turkey and plum-puddings. The Halls of

McGill have been deserted, and University news is at a correspondingly low ebb. The following, by way of a variation, will no doubt be acceptable.

The Irish character seems peculiarly adapted, not only for appreciating a good joke, but also occasionally perpetrating one. Samuel Lover was a prince among jokers. Some may not have seen his version of the old classic fable of Theseus and Ariadne.

LOVE AND LIQUOR.

A Greek Allegory.

I.

Oh sure 'twould amaze yiz
How one Mister Thaseus,
Desarted a lovely young lady of owld.
On a dissolute island,
All lonely and silent,
She sobbed herself sick as she sat in the cowl'd.
Oh you'd think she was kilt,
As she roar'd with the quilt
Wrapp'd round her in haste as she jump'd out of bed,
And ran down to the coast
Where she looked like a ghost,
Though 'twas *he* was departed—the vagabone fled.
And she cried, "Well-a-day!
Sure my heart it is grey;
They're deceivers, them sojers that goes on half-pay!"

II.

While abusin' the villian,
Came riding postilion,
A nate little boy on the back of a baste,
Big enough, faith, to ate him,
But he lathered and bate him,
And the baste to unsate him ne'er struggled the laste
And an iligant car
He was dhrawing—by gar!
It was finer by far than a Lord Mayor's state coach;
And the chap that was in it,
He sang like a linnet,
With a nate keg of whiskey beside him to broach.
And he tipp'd now and then,
Just a matter o' ten
Or twelve tumblers o' punch to his bowld sarving men.

III.

They were dressed in green livery,
But seemed rather shivery,
For 'twas only a thrifle o' leaves that they wore,
But they capered away
Like the sweeps on May-day,
And shouted and tippled the tumblers galore!
A print of their masther
Is often in plaster—
O' Paris, put over the door of a tap;
A fine chubby fellow
Ripe, rosy, and mellow,
Like a peach that is ready to drop in your lap.
Hurrah! for Brave Bacchus,
A bottle to crack us,
He's a friend of the people, like bowld Caius Gracchus.

IV.

Now Bacchus perceiving
The lady was grieving,
He spoke to her civil, and tipp'd her a wink;
And the more that she fretted,
He soothered and petted,
And gave her a glass her own health just to dhrink;
Her pulse it beat quicker,
The thrifle o' liquor

Enliven'd her sinking heart's cockles, I think;
So the moral is plain,
That if love gives you pain,
There's nothing can cure it like taking to dhrink!

A clever epigram of Lover's is the following:

Though matches are all made in Heaven, they say,
Yet Hymen, who mischief oft hatches,
Sometimes deals with the house *l'other side of the way*,
And *there* they make *Lucifer* matches.

Very often in these ardent characters, it is but a step from humor into pathos, as witness the following from the same pen:

The breeze was fres', the morn was fair,
The stag had left his dewy lair;
To cheering horn and baying tongue
K'llarney's echoes sweetly rung.
With sweeping oar and bending mast,
The eager chase was following fast;
When one light skiff a maiden steer'd
Beneath the deep wave disappear'd;
While shouts of terror wildly ring,
A boatman brave, with gallant spring
And dauntless arm, the lady bore—
But he who saved—was seen no more!

Where weeping birches wildly wave,
There boatmen show their brother's grave;
And while they tell the name he bore,
Suspended hangs the lifted oar;
The silent drops they idly shed,
Seen like tears to gallant Ned,
And while gently gliding by,
The tale told with moistened eye.
No ripple on the slumb'ring lake
Unhallowed oar doth ever make.
All undisturbed, the placid wave
Flows gently o'er Macarthy's grave.

At Oxford a good deal of fun is poked at the Welshmen who crowd to Jesus College; they are currently believed to answer mostly to the name of Jones. One evening a stranger arrived at the porter's lodge, and a colloquy began as follows:—Stranger: "Kindly direct me to the rooms of Mr. Jones." Porter: "There are forty-three Mr. Joneses in college, sir." Stranger: "The man I wish to see is Mr. David Jones." Porter: "Twenty-one Mr. David Joneses in college, sir." Stranger: "My Mr. David Jones has red hair." Porter: "Seven Mr. David Joneses have red hair." Stranger: "This is very awkward. Mr. Jones asked me to come and take wine with him." Porter: "Why didn't you say so at first, sir! Second staircase, ground-floor, right. All the other Mr. Joneses drink beer."

Dr. Parr (the celebrated scholar) was once preaching in the country parish of another clergyman, and, as was his habit, used very learned language. The rector afterward said to him: "They could not understand you." "Nonsense," said Dr. Parr; "I am sure there was nothing in my sermon which they could not comprehend." "Well," said the rector, "I will call one of them in, and see if he understands the meaning of the word 'felicity.'" So he called in a laboring man, and said: "John, can you tell me what is the meaning of 'felicity'?" "Well, I don't know, sir," said John; "but I believe it is some part of the inside of a pig."

A story which will be appreciated by every agriculturist and University man is just now going the rounds in Edinburgh. A number of examinations were being held at the University, and at one of them a student, bearing the name of Meadow, who had answered the printed papers, was called up for his "oral." "Ah, Mr. Meadow," said the professor, a genial man in his way, "fine old name yours." "Yes, professor," responded the student, "it would be a great pity if it were ploughed."

An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were once admiring a pretty girl through the window of a pastry cook's shop. "Let's go in," said Pat, "and treat her to a glass of wine." "No," interjected John Bull; "let us go in and buy something." "Naething o' the kind," added the canny native of Caledonia; "we'll just gang in and ask for change for half-a-croon."

Apropos of the picture of the foot-ball team.

What's the matter with the doleful-looking crowd?
O! it's all for—Lorne!

CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New-strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart:
With all his might his bow he drew!
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

"I faint! I die!" the goddess cried:
"O cruel! could'st thou find none other
To wreck thy spleen on: Parricide!
Like Nero thou hast slain thy mother."

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak:
"Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how easy my mistake?
I took you for your likeness Chloe."

PRIOR.

OLLA PODRIDA.

A number of papers from other Universities and Colleges have reached us from time to time. They are of all sizes, shapes and colors, from the ambitious *Quarterly* to the more humble exponents of college thought. They vary a good deal as to their aims and pretensions. Some give us very learned and weighty articles on cosmogony, anthropology, theology, and many other "ologies" some are merely compendiums of short stories, amusing or otherwise; others again contain little more than stale jokes and unintelligible witticisms. The present century may with truth be said to be the age of periodicals. Their name is legion, and the higher educational institutions have not escaped the general infection. Still, these papers have their place, and are training schools for thought and expression of much value to the student. They also absorb and crystallize, so to speak, many ephemeral

productions which would otherwise be lost to the world. Did time permit it would be an interesting study to analyse all these College papers.

The *Owl* of Ottawa is an old friend and is always welcome. It goes in more for the solid style, and its articles are always of interest. Some of the subjects it takes up are as follows: Pindar, "The father of Lyric Poetry"; Personal Hygiene; Education in Manitoba; Arctic Voyages past and present; Methods and Aims of Grecian Universities; A Canadian Shrine, Modern Aesthetics; Dean Swift and his times; The Nature of Canada's Progress, etc. Apart from a certain bias of tone and feeling, the articles in this paper are always well written. The literary criticisms deserve special praise.

The *Varsity* strikes a somewhat lower key. Most of the contributed articles are short; while some are certainly instructive, others can only be called amusing. There is a good article on Aurora Leigh, and an entertaining one called "The Art of Gossip and its Age." The latter introduces that well-known and amusing discourse from Theocritus between Gorgo and Praxinoe, in which we see that gossiping is by no means a modern accomplishment.

The Christmas number makes its appearance in a new cover, which is very tastefully arranged, giving representations of the different buildings of the University. It contains a well written editorial on Christmas. We learn also that the students of University College intend in February to give a representation of Sophocle's *Antigone*. This is a big undertaking. Yet the play itself is such a masterpiece of art that it will well repay the trouble. We hope they will be able to handle their chorus well. The acting of a Greek play is rather an innovation in Canadian Universities, it is one, however worthy of imitation. This is a hint to our own Classical Club. Lowell and his Biglow papers is the subject of a good article. Besides this, we have an account of The Progress of Modern Languages in Canadian Universities, and some short stories. All through, this issue is a very creditable one. One thing we notice is that there is not so much original poetry as there might be. Much of it is borrowed. Where are our Spring poets?

The *Queen's Quarterly* is a new venture on the part of the alumni of Queen's University. As its name would impart, it takes up subjects of weight which for the most part are well written. The subjects touched on are generally important. Among them are, The Nature and spheres of Political Science; Dante and Mediæval Thought; Winckelmann and Greek Art; the Middle Ages and the Reformation; and a Greek Tragedy. A somewhat similar paper might with much benefit be started by the graduates of McGill; it would meet a want that the FORTNIGHTLY does not and cannot meet.

Knox College Monthly still keeps up its good reputation; it is staid and weighty, as the organ of a Theological College ought to be. It contains good articles on the Book of Exodus; Poetry and the Scottish Reformation. The Department which deals with current literature is specially valuable and interesting.

The *Presbyterian College Journal* though rather

late in appearing this year is also welcome. It is still run on the old solid lines. It contains the usual sermon from a graduate; a Symposium upon the "Church and the Labor Question"; the Chinese Problem and other important subjects.

Passing further from home, we have received several copies of the *Droghedan*, a little paper published by the Grammar School at Drogheda. Drogheda, we may state for the benefit of our readers, is in Ireland. It contains articles on Oxford Life, the Life of Mozart, Studies on English Poets, Parochial Records, and the usual school news. It may be, as one contributor thinks, that the articles are somewhat above the ordinary school-boy, still it is perhaps as well to aim high. The articles are always interesting to us.

The *Glasgow University Magazine* is a new face. It is one of the few College papers that is illustrated. We have been aiming at this in our own FORTNIGHTLY, and think it a good plan. A cut catches the eye of the busy student quicker and better than anything else. Some of the subjects treated upon are: Student-life at Jena. Savona and Genoa, and an amusing thing on "A Clerical Evolution." The critiques are also interesting. We hope to see this paper regularly. It would be a good thing if the British Universities took more interest in the Canadian ones than they seem to do. Other exchanges received are: *Albert College Times*, *Bema*, *St. John's College Magazine*, *Mitre*, *College Student*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Young Men's Era*, *Carletonia*, *University Monthly*, *College Times*, *The Sunbeam*, *Red and Blue*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Trinity University Review*, and *The College Folio*.

A. G. N.

Reading Notes.

Students, teachers and physicians get Turkish baths at half price, at the Turkish Bath Institute in this city. Travellers say that nowhere in Europe can you get a better bath.

Medical men generally are now recommending the Turkish Bath for the general health, and more especially for rheumatism, coughs and colds. It is a very pleasant remedy.

Gentlemen have the early morning, afternoon and evening hours. The bath is conveniently situated, being on St. Monique at the foot of McGill College Avenue.

A very fine upright piano is now on view in L. E. N. Pratte's piano warerooms, No. 1676 Notre Dame street. The case is in Brazilian rosewood, natural color, and has been manufactured at L. E. N. Pratte's factory. As to its musical qualities, it is only necessary to mention that it is an exact duplicate of the instrument sold and delivered last week to Prof. R. O. Pelletier, organist to St. Peter's Cathedral, for his personal use as well as that of his advanced pupils.



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NOTICE—To the Committee of the MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY. . .

The members of this Committee and of the other College publications are reminded that DESBARATS & CO. execute Photo Engravings in the best style, suitable for Magazine illustrating. The supplement issued in the MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY at the end of last season was a fair sample of their work.

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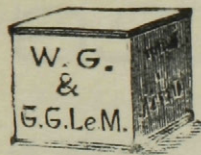
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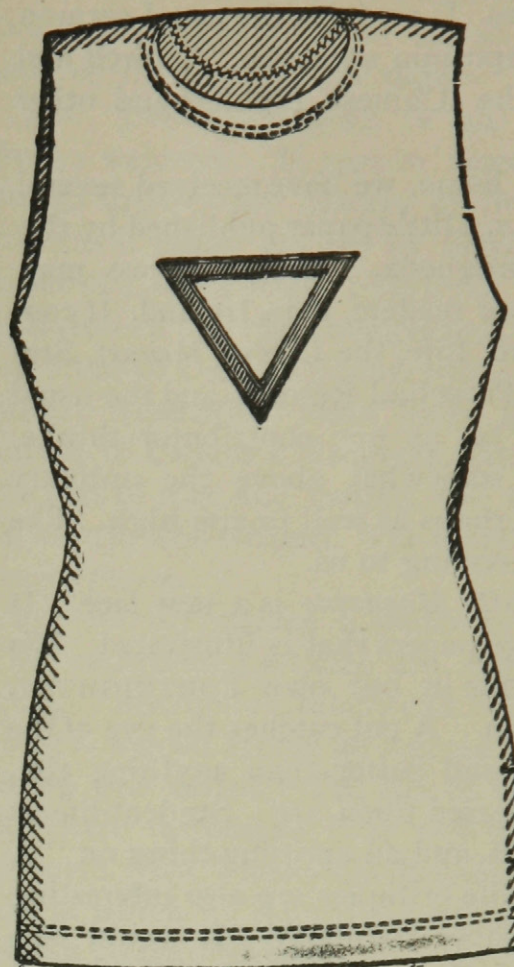
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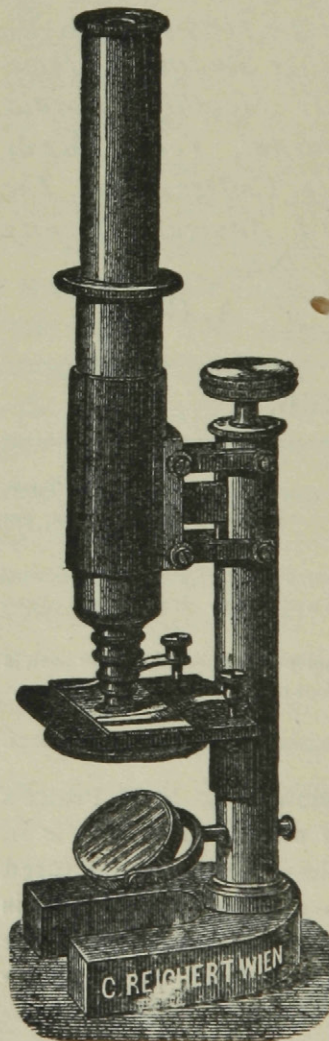
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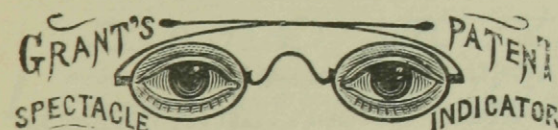
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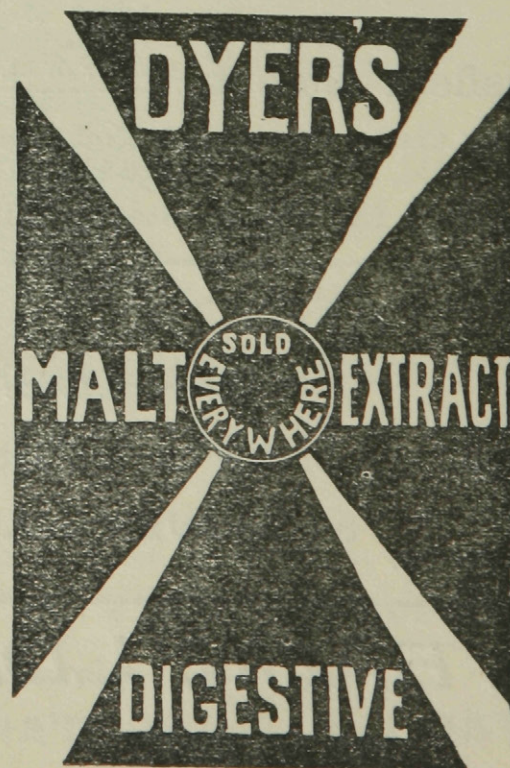
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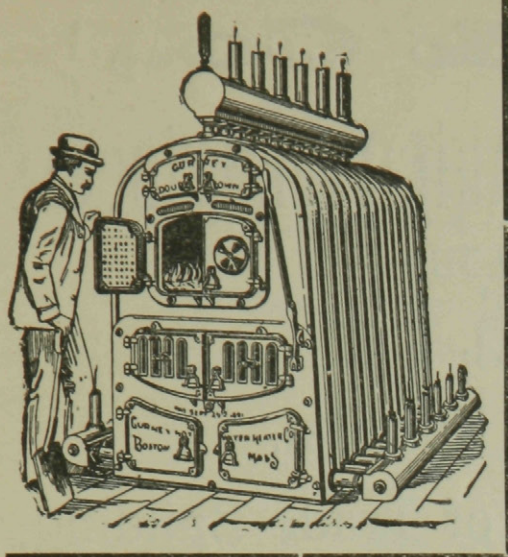
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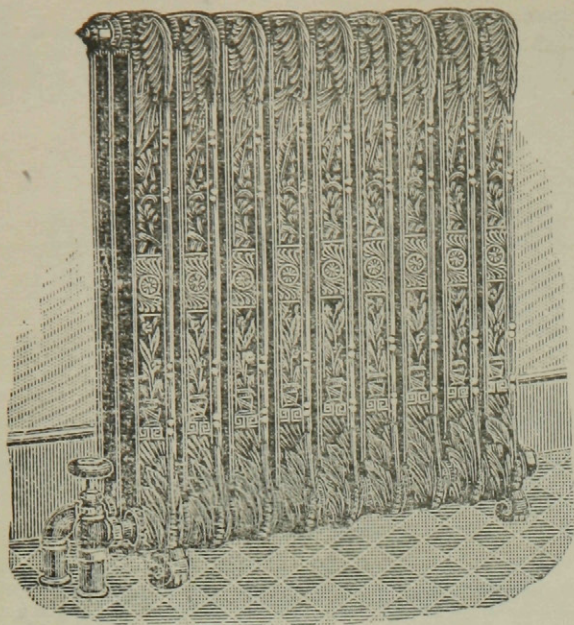
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